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3967 d. 24.



POEMS,

IN

ENGLISH, SCOTCH, AND LATIN.

Majores majora sonent ; mihi parva locuto
Sufficit in vestras sæpe redire manus.

MART.

PAISLEY:

PRINTED BY J. NEILSON, FOR THE AUTHOR.

1794.

3967 1. 24

It. from MacPhail



P R E F A C E.

I HAVE now, gentle Reader, arrived at that stage, of an *Author's progress*, where Dedications, and Prefaces, and Mottos, and half-length Prints of the Author come to be thought of. Dedications I hate. They are in general compounds of lies and flattery; and besides, I have no friends among the great. I have several in the less conspicuous (for I do not call them the

inferior) orders of life: but I am averse to involve them in any share of that mortification to which, perhaps, my present attempt will subject me. As to the half-length Print of the Author,—were I to behold my figure stuck up as a frontispiece to this volume, I should be apt to consider myself as exposed on a kind of pillory, with the Title-page by way of Label to denote my crime, and the Poems themselves as the *Corpus delicti* hung round my neck.

For these weighty reasons I have determined neither to expose my friend

in a dedication, nor myself in a print :
and for others, equally weighty, I have
resolved to write this Preface.

Without further preface, then, to the
preface,—I think it proper to mention,
by way of apology, such as it is, for
the many defects observable in the
following Poems, that the only cor-
rections which they have received, are
such as my own judgment has suggest-
ed. So little indeed have I been guilty
of shewing or reciting my verses to
friends, (the common vice of poetasters)
that I am scarcely indebted to any bo-
dy for a single hint or advice.

I shall perhaps be accused of presumption, in offering a book to the public view, without having taken the advantage of private criticism and correction. The truth is,—inconsistent as it may seem with my present temerity—I never had the face to ask any one to undertake the embarrassing, and almost incompatible offices of Critic and Friend.

Perhaps too, some small degree of malevolent personality will be imputed to me. I answer, that I have not attacked any characters but such as are either notoriously profligate, or unprincipled, or avaricious. I have been

stimulated, not by malevolence, but indignation;

Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum.

JUVENAL.

My attempts in Latin Verse I submit to the perusal of the learned (if I may hope for that honour) with the utmost hesitation and diffidence. I have already, from time to time, discovered several metrical errors; and I am afraid some may have still escaped my observation. What adds to my apprehension on this head, is, that I have been obliged to depend solely and entirely on my own accuracy; for I

am not in habits of intimacy with a single person who understands the mechanism of Latin verse half so well as myself.

With regard to the Imitations of Horace, I may anticipate an obvious criticism; namely, that there is much of the *travesti* in them. I own that there is, and say—so much the better.—The dress, which I have chosen for them, is the broad Scottish dialect; and it appears here, I flatter myself, in more purity, with more of the true Scottish idiom, and with a smaller mixture of English, than in most other performances that pass under the name of *Poems in the Scottish dialect*.

And now, gentle Reader, if after perusing the following little volume, or any part of it, thou shouldst find thyself more disposed to condemn than approve, pronounce sentence, I beseech thee, with as little asperity as the nature of the offence seems to merit. Thunder not forth the harsh epithets—blockhead, fool, puppy, upon my offending head—or stupid, quaint, childish, against my harmless book. Consider that, if I have written *invita Minerva*, the loss has been my own; if with her assent, still my Pegasus

B

[x]

(like the Trojan horfe) is at best the

——“ donum *exitiale* Minervæ.”

VIRG.

C O N T E N T S.

S PRING,	—	—	—	17
Summer,	—	—	—	24
The Minor Poets,	—	—	—	28
An Essay on Dog,	—	—	—	29
The Poet's Address to his New Book,		—		35
Fragments of a Poem on Duelling,		—		38
The Redbreast,	—	—	—	41
On Burns the Scottish Poet,		—	—	43
To the Moon,	—	—	—	46
To Care,	—	—	—	47
To Delia,	—	—	—	48
On D——d H——c,		—	—	50
An unanswerable Argument for the Slave Trade,				51
On the Death of a Friend,		—	—	52
Epistle from a poor blind Cocker to a rich Candle-maker,				53
The Wishes,	—	—	—	56

The history of J. B.	—	—	58
Lines written in a bathing machine,	—		61
On seeing Sir Jamie purchase a jest book,		—	64
Gretna-Green,	—	—	65
Advice to the Bee,	—	—	66
The Poet's last Will and Testament ; or a Dialogue with the Notary,	—	—	67
Cloacina's complaint to the College of Clutha,			68
Jus Divinum,	—	—	72
England's faithfulness to her faithful Allies ; or, the Monopoly of the river Scheldt supported,			73
A gentle Emetic, or conjugal salute by a jovial wife,			74
To Lucinda absent, or the miraculous magnet,			75
To the Ladies of Edinburgh. Directions for a windy Day,	—	—	76
Despair, by a Dutch Lover,	—	—	77
The Harp,	—	—	78
On seeing a Lady drop her Garter,		—	80
To a Lady who lent me her Fan during a Storm of Lightning,	—	—	81

Apology to the same Lady for allowing her Fan to be wet by the rain,	— —	82
An improvement on the Art of Poetry, suggested and exemplified,	— —	84
To a Lady, on her seeming vain of her black eyes,		85
On the Death of a Lady,	— —	86
Clemency,	— — —	87

IMITATIONS AND TRANSLATIONS.

Horace, Lib. 1. Epist. 5.	— —	91
Horace, Ode 12. Lib. 4.	— —	99
Horace, Epist. 20. Lib. 1.	— —	105
Four Lines from Sappho to Phaon. <i>Ovid.</i>	—	112
Epigramma G. Buchanani,	— —	113

VERSES IN LATIN.

The Muse's expostulation and advice,	—	117
Porcus et Achates,	— —	121
Balneum, five Mundities Anglicana,	—	129
To a Mouse (from Burns' Poems) translated into La- tin Verse,	— — —	130

ERRATA.

- P. 22. l. 1. For *wit*, read *with*.
32. 7. For *thou*, read *thee*.
103. 5. For *frien's*, read *friends*.
104. 5. For *descendere*, read *discedere*.
7. For the second *quid*, read *quis*.
112. For *Sapho*, read *Sappho*.



P O E M S.



S P R I N G.

THE hill, the dale, the woodland, and the stream,
Of various bards have been th' unvaried theme.
If then, of hill, dale, wood, and stream I write,
Will not the fated reader cry—'Tis trite?
The field is reap'd I must, alas, admit;
But still the laws of God and Man permit
The gleaner, following the reaper band,
To fill with scatter'd ears his meagre hand.—
To rural scenes I raise my feeble voice:
O were my life thus subject to my choice!

If heaven my weary hopes should ever crown
With leave to fly the busy bustling town,
In Scottish glen low shall my dwelling stand,
With tangling woods and shallow brooks at hand,

C

And garden fenc'd with hedge of eglantine
 And hawthorn interspers'd with sweet woodbine :
 My roof not high, my parlour warm and clean,
 With windows small, and learned shelves between,
 Where Cowper, Barbauld, Burns may find a place,
 And even Virgil dare to shew his face :
 A cottage, not a castle, is my prayer;
 O may't not be a cottage in the air !
 And you, to whom the real bliss belongs,
 While I but clasp the shadow in my songs,
 Learn, nor despise instruction tho' in rhyme,
 How to enjoy, not kill the fleeting time.

When April strews the woods with primrose flowers,
 When oft the day is dimm'd with hovering showers,
 When cuckoo birds repeat th' unchanging song,
 And muddy rivers sluggish steal along,—
 The wat'ry wiles now long diffus'd prepare,
 Unloose the ravell'd line with patient care,

Fix well the hook, then dip the sapless wand,
 And throw the line athwart with waving hand.
 Slowly it glides down with the dusky flood,
 Bearing along the fatal treacherous food.
 It sinks—it sinks again—but do not pull;
 'Tis but the nibbling of some sportive fool:
 Wait cautious till the floating signal dive,
 Now gently pull, O do not rashly strive;
 The slender wand to every motion bends,
 And yielding, in a drooping crescent ends:
 Soon on the bank the struggling captive lies,
 Then in the wicker prison gasping dies.

But if thy skill such humble sport deride,
 Wait until when the swollen streams subside,
 Till when the swallows skim along the flood
 And flitting zig-zag catch the insect brood.
 O'er night the mimic flies arrange with care,
 The brown, the gray, the gilded, and the fair,

With earliest dawn up from thy slumbers spring,
 Ere yet the morning birds begin to sing :
 And O leave not behind th' unweeeting boy,
 Nor cheat him dreaming of the promis'd joy ;
 Go rouse him gently, see him sleeping smile,
 Then, if thou canst, his wak'ning hopes beguile :
 Thy steps he'll follow grateful and submissive,
 Study thy looks, and fear to do amiss.
 But feigning angry mien, and wrathful tone,
 Command the rambling spaniel to be gone ;
 Then lightly skiff along the dewy plain,
 Until the misty river's side you gain.
 If there success you wish, observe this rule,—
 Where ends the stream and where begins the pool,
 Let the wing'd lure among the eddies play
 And dancing round delude the speckled prey.
 Beware—be not impatiently rash,
 Nor fretfully the harmless surface lash ;
 The limber line with wary motion throw,
 Let it fall gently like a flake of snow,

Which silent melts as on the stream it lights
 And with the wat'ry element unites;
 And still be mindful of the heedless eye
 Of the small wight who playful sitteth nigh.
 So shall your arts a noble prize delude,
 So the huge trout shall snatch the seeming food.
 See how he shoots along stretching the line:
 Indulge his way, do not his force confine.
 Fainter and fainter efforts still are try'd,
 Till on the stream floats his enamell'd side;
 Pulled flow ashore, he pants with frequent gasp,
 And dyes the little hands that scarce around him clasp.

'Neath flood-scoop'd rocks, and thro' deep track-
 less dells,

Where fairies haunt, (as village rumour tells)
 Where oft is heard the boding screech-owl's scream,
 Upward you trace the slowly lessening stream.
 Begins the sun now downward to descend,
 Now more and more the trees their shades extend:

Tir'd of success, and loaded wit the spoil,
 Homeward across the furrow'd fields you toil.
 Your watchful dog afar your coming spies,
 Soon at your feet the crouching suppliant lies.

If to the streams one day you thus allot,
 The two that follow to the Muse devote :
 Lift to the song of the Mæonian swan,
 The fall of Troy, the much-enduring Man
 Who wrought her fall : or, if the Mantuan strain
 In pleasing rapture all your soul detain,
 Bless bounteous Heaven that form'd you to enjoy
 Pleasures so pure, pleasures without alloy.
 But long in fields of fiction do not rove,
 Nor always lounge in the poetic grove :
 Let tales of real life your mind engage,
 And search for truth in the historic page.

While yet 'tis spring, I to the tardy team
 Resort full oft, and see the ploughshare gleam ;

With clay-clogg'd feet cumber'd I walk along,
Beneath the music of the Laverok's song,
The while the sower steps, with waving hand
And loaded sheaf, along the furrow'd land.

S U M M E R.

PALE primroses among the woods decay,
And hyacinths bedeck sweet smiling May;
The blackbird chaunts upon the full blown thorn,
And all the woodland chorus cheers the morn.
Now to the dewy hill direct thy way,
The varied plain with grateful eye survey,
And view the windings of the hidden stream,
Where misty wreaths lurk from the rising beam.
Behold the distant city's smoky shroud,
Where dim-seen spires peep thro' the brooding cloud:
Compare thy lot with theirs who yonder toil,
Whose life is one incessant fore turmoil,
Who only once in seven long days inhale,
In short excursion, the cool western gale.
For me—how seldom are my wishes crown'd
With leave to fly the stunning, dizzying sound!

And when indulg'd, how fleeting the sojourn !
 How soon by whispering care urg'd to return !
 The captive bird, thus from the cage set free,
 Flies to the grove and flits from tree to tree ;
 Each dell, each bosky bourn he loves to range,
 Rejoicing in the life-renewing change :
 But all unus'd to seek the woodland fare,
 Or to endure the midnight's chilling air,
 Back to his prison—he forsakes the wood,
 And, ah ! too common, freedom sells for food.

While yet the dew-drop glisters in the shade,
 Ere yet the sun-beams reach the hidden glade,
 The aged labourer quits his morning toil,
 His well-worn spade fix'd in th' inverted soil.
 Afar his little boy, pleas'd he descries,
 Who light of heart fast from the village hies ;
 In this hand hangs a scrip, in that a pail,
 The frugal dishes of his parent's meal :

D

The simple viands on the grafs are spread,
 The fire uncovers flow his hoary head,
 And grateful to his God and Father pays
 His humble homage and unfeigned praise,—
 To him who to the ravens gave command
 To feed his fervant in the desert land.
 This man had fought in fields bestrewn with dead,
 And in his thankless country's cause had bled,—
 For them who roll in ease without one thought
 Of all the woe with which that ease is bought;
 Who gorge remorseless at the costly feast
 What would a starving family make blest;
 Who seize the widow's mite when in arrear,
 Stern and relentless to the pleading tear,
 Then, if they give a tester to the poor,
 Believe the generous deed will heaven secure;
 And think that what thus to the Lord is lent
 Will be repaid with interest cent. per cent.—
 Ye fordid, pitiful, low, grovelling things,
 Go grind the poor, go lick the dust to kings.

Restless heat broods o'er the thirsty plains ;
 Among the woods a lifeless silence reigns ;
 The drooping bird no longer loves to sing,
 But quits the branch and laves its fluttering wing ;
 The beggar leaves the road, embrown'd with dust,
 And in the shaded fountain soaks his crust :
 To the hoarse-babbling brook the poet strays,
 Or loves to lose himself far 'mid the greenwood's
 maze.

Let me the river's dazzling glare avoid,
 And lay me on the streamlet's shady side,
 So narrow on the farther bank I see
 Humming from flower to flower the devious bee,
 While grasshoppers, with intermitting voice,
 Raise all around a feeble, chirping noise.

THE
MINOR POETS.

POETS!— to what shall I resemble 'em?
The Cuckoo is their proper emblem.
While other birds are building nests
Her idle windpipe never rests.
Like her, without or house or home,
The vagrant race of Poets roam.
Like her their fav'rite theme is spring,
'Tis then they make the vallies ring.
Hers too's a fleeting short-liv'd lay,
The Poet's seldom lasts a day;
And there's as much (believe a brother)
Variety in one as t'other.

AN

ESSAY ON DOG.

Part First.

ARGUMENT.

Invocation addressed to Pompey—Of Dog in the Abstract—The Mastiff—The Shepherd's Dog—The Town Dog—The Pointer.

“Awake my St. John, leave all meaner things

“To low ambition, and the pride of Kings.”

POPE'S *Essay on Man*.

AWAKE, my Pompey, shake thy pliant ears,
And listen to my song, a song of thee,
And of Dogkind. Enough has now been sung
By man, that egotist, himself the theme.
An humbler subject for my strains I chuse,
Strains unadorn'd with harmony of rhyme:
I sing the poor man's never-changing friend,

The friend still true when all have turn'd their back;
 If prosperous his lot, submissive still,
 Or if adverse, not knowing to repine;
 Content whether he eat the rich man's bread,
 Or the blind beggar lead from door to door.
 Mistaken man, thou call'st thy foe *a dog*,——
 This his suppos'd reproach, his greatest praise.
 If dogs in language could their thoughts impart,
 Mayhap they'd call a vicious cur—*a man*.
 Nor think the difference great 'twixt thee and him:
 Like man, "he reasons not contemptibly;"
 He loves, he hates, he robs, he steals,
 And, had he gift of speech, perhaps he'd lie.
 Yea, too, full oft he pisseth 'gainst the wall,
 Ancient criterion of the human kind*,
 And as in characters of men is seen
 Diversity of shades, so 'tis in Dogs,
 From the huge house-dog to the lap-dog small.

Cloſe by his box the ſent'nel maſtiff lies :

* 1 Kings xvi. 11.

His head touch'd 'twixt his paws he scarcely deigns
 To turn, but rolls his scowling eyes askance;
 The quaking passenger, assuming looks
 Of careless boldness, fearful moves along,
 But sudden at the smallest growl he starts;
 The monster strives to break his rattling chain;
 Poor slave! by slav'ry render'd still more fierce.

Fam'd for a race of dogs are Tweed's blythe braes
 And hills green to the summit. Sweetly there
 The shepherd tunes his reed to Scotia's lays,
 Until the downward sun has left the glens
 Tinging the mountain tops; then at a word
 His faithful dog, cautious, with circuit wide,
Wears in the straying flock. They to the fold
 Wend leisurely along, where safe shut in,
 With gate that erst had harrow'd fruitful fields,
 Old now and of its teeth disarm'd, peaceful they rest.
 O happy you, the happiest of your kind,

Ye shepherds dogs ! if ye but knew your bliss *.
 What, Luath, tho' thy fare be scant and poor,
 Tho' at the good-wife's churn thou'rt fain to watch,
 And lick the frothy drops that fall around :
 Yet peace secure, and sleep in sun or shade,
 And hill and dale, and wood, and stream are thine.
 Far happier thou, I ween, than city cur.
 No knavish boys delude thee with a crust,
 Whilst to thy tail they fix the rattling pan :
 And when old age shall cripple all thy joints,
 Thou'lt not be set adrift to steal for food,
 Like the poor negro-slave outcast and helpless ;
 Nor from the bridge, with stone hung round thy neck,
 Wilt thou by unrelenting hand be thrown.

* O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint

Agricolas ! —————

At securo quies, et nescia fallere vita,

Dives opum variarum; at latis otia fundis,

Speluncæ, vivique lacus; at frigida tempe,

Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni

Non absunt !

VIRG. GEOR. II.

Of dog and man the depth of misery
 In cities still is found. Oft have I seen,
 On wintry morn, in tatter'd weeds a wretch
 Picking the cinders from the dunghill heaps,
 And shivering at the self-same spot her dog
 Scraping for bones ; when happy if he find
 The wish'd-for prize, fearful he skulks away
 And in some hidden nook enjoys the feast,
 Unless perchance, growling with tusks display'd
 Some stronger pirate meet him by the way,
 And seize the morsel from his trembling jaw.

What tho' with blinding snows the shepherd's dog
 Must struggle oft, driving the famish'd flock
 Round from the fatal shelter of the hill,
 Where wreaths on wreaths smooth up the trea-
 cherous glen :

At night his toils are o'er ; and basking warm
 Before the blazing fire he dries his jetty coat.

E

See o'er the stubble ridge the Pointer range:
 This way and that he traverses the field.
 Sudden with eager look and cautious step
 Couring he creeps, till stiffen'd all at once,
 With lifted foot quite motionless he stands.
 The sportsman onward moves with throbbing heart.
 Down comes the whirring pinion to the ground.
 But barbarous joys delight me now no more;
 Fly rather, Pompey, to my Delia's bowers;
 Say, does she smiling take thy proffer'd paw,
 Nor chide thee, tho' thou soil her snow-white stole,
 Stroaking with gentle hand thy spotted head?

* * * * *

THE

POET'S ADDRESS

TO HIS NEW BOOK.

I'VE thrown thee, friend, into the stream of fame;
To sink or swim depends all on thyself.
O may'st thou, as th' Orphean lyre of old,
When gliding down th' Ismenian river's stream,
Call forth the echoes from their twilight grots,
And make the banks thy melody resound.
May ne'er thy page be injur'd by the flood,
But like the swan's fair breast remain undrench'd,
As rowing down the silver tide he charms
With sweetest ravishment the listening woods.

Still be thy fate as various as thy theme,—
 Read by the rich, the poor, the high, the low,
 The grave, the gay, the polish'd, and the rude ;
 One while in hands as fair as was thy leaf
 Ere yet my Muse had stain'd it with her scrawl ;
 Anon foil'd by some sagely-snuffing fool,
 Mayhap besprinkled by his boisterous sneeze.

Chiefly to youth and beauty pay thy court,
 And competence still willing to be pleas'd :
 And, while I struggle thro' the jostling crowd,
 Be thou at ease reclin'd with brother bards
 In parlour snug, far from the dusty shelf.
 And, O ! what transport would it be to think,
 That, like the song of the Mæonian bard
 Beneath the conquering Macedonian's head,
 Thou all below th' Elysian pillow lay
 Of her, whose eyes more lasting conquests gain
 Than did the furious sword of Ammon's son !
 Or—may she leaning on some flowery bank,

With sweet approving eye shine on thy page,
 And, when she closeth thee, fold 'twixt thy leaves,
 The primrose pale or purple violet,
 To mark the page reluctant which she left.

Ah me! how vain are these aspiring hopes!
 Perhaps to servile purposes thou destin'd art;
 And 'stead of lighting flames in Delia's breast,
 Thou'lt only light her taper when she reads
 Some hated rival's more engaging lay:
 Perhaps a fate even still more vile awaits,—
 To clean the fuds from off the razor's edge;
 To wad the cruel murderous fowling-piece;
 Or damn'd to heaven thou'lt soar a paper kite;
 Or blaze a funeral pile for fingeing fowls.
 If then, the paper, not the verse is priz'd,
 Go, happy, twist my Delia's lovely locks,
 And in her ringlets bound kifs that sweet neck,
 That galaxy of every grace divine.

FRAGMENTS

OF A POEM ON DUELLING.

SAY, Muse, what cause so forcible can make one
 Expose to powder and to ball one's bacon?
 For my poor part, I say, and always said,
 That 'tis the fear of being thought afraid.
 What mighty folly to avenge the pains
 Of trampled toe, at peril of one's brains!
 How impious in mortal man to scatter
 The sacred contents of his *Pia mater*!
 But what my patience drives to the *ne plus*
Ultra, and would were I the man of Uz,
 Is to consider that the fawning wretch
 To whom some Lordling calls—go—carry—fetch,—

The powder'd, perfum'd, pimping, prating varlet,
 Presuming on cockade and coat of scarlet,
 The flutter'd coward, wishing to retrieve
 The honour, which in battle he did leave,
 By *honour's* laws may force the *man of Rest*
 To stake his Sterling worth against their dross;
 Or that some ruin'd gambler, to avoid
 The trouble and the crime of suicide,
 The best of men with insult may provoke
 At once to give and to receive the stroke.

In gambling annals, was there ever known
 The rich man's purse against the poor one's thrown
 Quite by the slump?—Since then 'tis always found,
 When money's risk'd, that pound is stake'd 'gainst
 pound,
 Shilling 'gainst shilling, pennies against pence,
 Where's the consistency with common sense,
 That when *life's* stake'd, all thought of worth's omitted,
 And with a patriot a state swindler pitted?—

When,—merit weigh'd,—the odds were fairly laid
 Were Charles' curl risk'd 'gainst Billy's head.

* * * * *

And now behold depart on pious mission
 Yond B — p vowing 'gainst his foes perdition,
 Swearing by blood and wounds, hell-fire and
 thunder,

That with the voice of four and twenty pounder
 He'll soon convert the atheistic tribe,
 Make them the Athanasian creed subscribe,
 Force them *Te Deum* on their knees to bellow,
 And for their daily bread a wafer swallow.

* * *

In order to prevent any misconstruction of these last lines, it may be proper to mention, that they were written with no view of conveying any reflection against *religion*, but solely with the view of exposing the wickedness and folly of attempting by force of arms, to re-establish a *superstition*, the absurdity, nonsense, and blasphemy of which, joined with the ignorance, bigotry, cruelty, profligacy, atheism, tyranny, and rapacity of its priests, have driven almost a whole nation to infidelity.

THE

REDBREAST.

TO him who wades thro' autumn's leaf-strewn
paths,

Ere long to be as deep o'erlaid with snow,
Sweetly the Redbreast mourns the parting year,
Sweetly with woodland melody he soothes
The savage breast of man, his future host.
When falcon Winter hovers o'er the wood
He flies for refuge to the haunts of men ;
First to the trim-built stack or busy barn ;
But soon as Boreas drives along the plain
With snow and blinding fleet, nearer he draws,
And from the window pecks the sprinkled crumbs ;
Till bolder grown, as fiercer drifts the storm,

F

Within th' expecting threshold he alights,
 " And pays to trusted man his annual visit."

Oft have I seen thee, in my boyish days,
 (Ere yet I knew the city's vain turmoil)
 Perch'd on the distaff of the housemaid's wheel :
 She sung of lovers faithless, maids undone,
 Of faithful lovers, and of faithless seas,
 Thy notes with her's in artless concert join'd.
 Did ever school-boy rob poor Redbreast's house?
 No sure : for well each thoughtless truant knows,
 'Twas this sweet bird that left his nest half built,
 And carrying leaf by leaf, from morn to eve,
 Enwrapt the children in the wood forlorn,
 All with a fragrant shroud. At thought of this
 The spoiler's outstretch'd eager hand recoils,
 Softly on tiptoe, hush, he steals away,
 The dam assiduous sits, nor leaves her charge.

ON

BURNS,

THE SCOTTISH POET.

" Hk happing bird, wee helpless thing,
" That in the merry months of spring
" Delighted me to hear thee sing,
" " What comes o' thee ?
" Where dost thou cower thy chattering wing
" Or close thy ee ?"

A Winter Night.—BURNS.

THE bard whose song still echoes in the vale,
The bard whose song each lovely tongue recites,
Is left to moil like men of common mould ;
The song still charms us ; but the bard's forgot.
'Tis thus the thrush, sweet minstrel of the spring,
His woodnotes wild pours from the milk-whitethorn ;
But when stern Winter chills the leafless grove,

Shivering he's left to glean his scanty food,
 Nor ever is the woodland path bestrewn,
 Save with intent to lure him to the snare.

Ungrateful country! ill-requited Burns!
 Shall he who sung, in Scotia's Doric lays,
 "The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene,"
 Remain neglected in the scene he paints,
 And ask, perhaps in vain, "for leave to toil?"
 Shall he who sung far sweeter than the lark,
 When upward springing from the daisy's side
 To greet the purpling east,
 Be driven from the fields cheer'd by his song?
 Who e'er with truth and yet with dignity
 Like him rehears'd the annals of the poor?
 Did e'er religion half so lovely seem
 In temples, as in his low lonely cot?
 "The Power incens'd the pageant will desert,
 "The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole,
 "And haply in some cottage far apart

“ May hear, well-pleas'd, the language of the soul ;

“ And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.”

Ye patrons of the mighty dead, who strive
T' immortalize immortal Thomson's name,
Rear not to angels mole-hill monuments,
While living merit owns no sheltering roof :
Rather would Thomson's gentle spirit see
A mansion rais'd for his neglected Burns,
Than gorgeous mausoleums for himself.

[Written several years ago.]

TO THE

M O O N.

FAIR silver Moon, while I the live long night,
With sleepless eye gaze on thy pale-fac'd orb,
My thoughts on Delia fixt, thou, happy Moon!
Dost thro' her casement shine, and silent steal
Kisses from her unconscious lovely lip.
Shine not so bright, sweet Moon, thou'lt wake my
 love ;
Soft veil thee in a fleecy limber cloud,
So may'st thou view her charms in sleep more charm-
 ing far,
Her eyes more beauteous now than when awake,
As flowers when shut than spreading to the sun.

TO

C A R E.

SNUG in the covert hid the panting hare
Lays fear aside and vainly thinks she's safe ;
But soon th' approaching noise swells in the gale :
So, Care, where'er I flee, close thou purfu'it ;
Thro' city, country, crowd or solitude ;
Whether with wary step, Edina fair,
Along thy fragrant street I cull my path
At morning hour ; or o'er the misty lawn
Brush thro' the glistering dew, and wake the lark ;
Or penetrate at noon th' embowering wood.
Or if, (in happy but delusive dreams)
With Delia's lovely hand fast lock'd in mine,
I see reflected from th' unruffled brook
All-beauteous the wat'ry image smile,
Ev'n there thou thrust'it thy low'ring face between,
And bid'it us part.

TO

D E L I A.

OUR old Scotch faints before a battle
Did with the Lord first try their mettle
In prayer, (as the story goes)
To bless themselves and curse their foes ;
• Nay with him were so very daring
As venture wrestling and sparring,
And at the last turn'd so expert
I' th' spiritual gymnastic art,
That, laying by their useless swords,
They gain'd great victories by words.
Now if those blades durst with their Maker
Fight at pull, devil, and pull, baker,
• Why may not I, O Goddes sweet,
When bending suppliant at thy feet,

When prayer and pennance nought avail,
When humble silence still doth fail,
At one great throw adventure all,
And with thee boldly try a fall?—

G



OR

D—D H—E.

“ DOUBT every thing,” the sceptic cries ;

“ To men, to books, no faith is due :”—

His History’s so fill’d with *lies*,

It almost proves his doctrine *true*.

UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT

FOR THE SLAVE TRADE.

SAYS one to a merchant, " 'Tis surely a crime

" To steal men, altho' from a tropical clime :—

" Yes, Sir," says the Merchant, " we'll own you

" are right,

" When once you've demonstrated black to be

" white."

ON THE

DEATH

OF A FRIEND.

LONG did he strive against th' o'erwhelming
storm,

Long bear distress in every varied form :

Hush'd were the waves at last, calm was his death,

Peaceful in sleep he did resign his breath ;

No watchful eye the parting moment knew,

Dreaming of heaven—he wak'd—the dream was true.

"Vindex avaræ fraudis."

Hor.

EPISTLE

FROM A

POOR BLIND COBLER TO A RICH CANDLE-MAKER.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works
and glory your Father which is in Heaven.

Matt. chap. v. v. 16.

MOST reverend Sir, I'm truly vext
That you should counteract my text;
For tho' your works and candles shine
With lustre glorious, yea divine,
Yet if folks eyes your bratlings blow out,
You may let one and t' other go out,
And henceforth and for ever cease
To dip in gospel or in grease.

Your generous offer, I must own,
 Surpassed expecta-ti-on ;
 For when you saw me robb'd of fight
 You said I should not want for light,
 And of complaint t' avoid all handle,
 Agreed to give me coal and candle :
 As for all other necessaries,
 You knew the bounty of the parish.
 You said too, without any stickling,
 You'd send me now and then some *crackling*,
 Which, though by some thought only fit
 For feeding watch-dog or turn-spit,
 Is, I must own, quite good enough,
 And of your charity strong proof.
 To charity I know you trust
 To save your bacon at the last :
 You built a church. and serve the cure,
 And rail against the scarlet whore.
 But is not this to please your pride ?
 It is—the thing can't be denied :

You think it mighty fine to gabble
 To a half-witted, crazy rabble.
 You preach the gospel to the poor,
 Believing thus you'll heaven secure,
 Of sp'ritual food full liberal,
 But sparing of the temporal.
 Regardless of your time and pains
 You stuff and cram your hearers brains,
 While their poor empty stomachs grumble
 With many a woful hollow rumble.
 But know (ere long you'll know't too well)
 That you may *build baith kirk and mill*,
 May cant, and whine, exhort, and pray,
 And yet be damn'd eternally.
 Then, while you turn and tofs in limbo,
 I'll sit and smile with arms akimbo,
 And when you ask a drop of water,
 (You call this devilish—no matter,)
 I'll tell you tauntingly, go swallow
 A ladleful of boiling tallow.



THE

WISHES.

—————O ubi campi
Sperchiusque, et virginibus bacchata Lacœnis
Taygeta ! O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra !

VIRG.

ONCE Virgil on a sultry day
Did thus the gods invoke and pray,
“ O place me on the shady side
“ Of Hæmus, else I shall be fry'd :
“ Since Phaeton's days was never felt
“ Such heat ; the Devil's self 'twould melt,
“ The Dev'l who, like a salamander,
“ Thro' flames with beard unsing'd doth wander.”

When Phœbus' rays come down pell-mell,
 Some modern bards figh for a well,
 (In rhyming tongue yclep'd a fountain
 Spouting from the breezy mountain.)
 Some headlong rush into the pool
 Their fervid carcafes to cool.
 Fair ladies long for Grampian fnows,
 There to dance with breechlefs beaux ;
 Nay fome would wear the philabeg,
 Nor blush to shew a fnow-white leg,
 Nor grudge to grant a trifling favour
 To the gently kissing zephyr,
 Wer't not for tyrant Cufôm's laws,
 Who rules the fex with iron paws.—
 For me, tho' hot like Dives broiling,
 Or a live lobster fet a boiling,
 No place there is I'd fooner pitch on,
 Than that cool grot, Sir Jamie's kitchen.

H

THE
HISTORY OF J. B.

OR THE NEW METAMORPHOSIS.

Anser in Hominem.

• **A**CCORDING to Pythagoras's
Doctrinē, some men are chang'd to asses;
Geese too are oft transform'd to men,
And men to geese as oft again.
In proof of this there's B——s our friend,
A friend, tho' never known to lend.
His neck, which, like his purse, is long,
Is now th' occasion of my song.
This neck of his made some rude fellows
Say, he had sure dropt from the gallows.

He to refute such calumnies,
 (Which as you'll hear were all damn'd lies)
 Relates his wondrous transmigration,
 Of which I give you this narration.
 He tells how once he was a swan,
 How next he was transform'd to man,
 How that his collar still retains
 Of 'ts ancient form some faint remains.
 He next unto his legs appeals,
 Six inches scarce 'twixt knee and heels :
 And if his hearers start a doubt,
 He raises such a noise and rout !
 To's trowel feet he points in fury,
Presumptio juris et de jure.

His story credit gain'd with some,
 Others believ'd it all a hum.
 The truth had still remain'd in doubt,
 Had he not let the secret out :

His vanity lent him a fling,
Nothing would serve him but he'd sing;
He sung the song that flopt the Gauls
When clambering up the Roman walls.

WRITTEN IN A

BATHING MACHINE.

O CARRIAGE of amphibious nature!

Suited to ply by land and water,

And, like the crab, with backward pace,

Thy former track again to trace!

When to the founding shore I go,

Snugly in thee myself I stow,

As in the horse the crafty Greek

When on old Troy he play'd a trick:

Than him I purpose to do more;

He back'd by many a valiant score,

Did only plunder Neptune's town,

I'll buffet Neptune's self alone.—

Oft have I wish'd, and wish'd again,
 And found my wishes still in vain,
 When trundling along the sand,
 To have a hold of Delia's hand :
 Oft have I proffer'd up a prayer
 Unto that goddess wife and fair,
 Who, for the sake of good example,
 Chang'd Baucis' cot into a temple,
 That she the only means would grant
 Of making Delia's heart relent ;
 That this same jolting, jostling waggon,
 In which so clumsily I jog on,
 She'd turn into a splendid chariot,
 Sole test, in female eyes, of merit ;
 That she would change this meagre hack,
 Whose ribs are symbols of his rack,
 (For all within's so empty quite,
 That thro' them you may see the light)
 And for the stumbling scarecrow brute
 Four fiery steeds would substitute :

Now, Delia, will you not confess,
That if those things were brought to pass,
Sans farther scruple you'd step in
And fly with me to Gretna Green?

ON SEEING

SIR JAMIE

PURCHASE A JEST BOOK.

SAY, Muse, (for well thou canst I wot)
What charm has loos'd the Gordian knot
Of Jamie's purse, the sage profound,
In field and forum both renown'd,—
That purse where captive shillings pine,
Where copper sleeps as in the mine,
Unwak'd by Misery's plaintive prayer :
Or, if a farthing 'scape, 'tis rare.
Say, purse, what could induce thy Lord
To draw a shilling from his hoard?—
—Alas ! poor gentleman ! he's smit
With passion to be thought a wit,
But lacking brains that can supply it,
He's forc'd, hard fate ! he's forc'd to buy it.

GRETNA GREEN*.

NO more the foldier on the dewy turf,
With shield-propt head, stretches himself to rest ;
Where once in furious shock the battle clos'd,
Now rush fond lovers into others arms ;
Soft sighs are heard where erst the trumpet blew ;
The field of Mars is now the bed of love.
No more "the armourers accomplishing the knights
" With busy hammers closing rivets up,
" Give dreadful note of preparation."
Far other arts the son of Vulcan plies ;
To rivet close the indissoluble chain,
To beat the spear into sweet Cupid's dart,
To fan Love's fires, to harness Venus' doves,—
These are thy toils, great Priest of Gretna Green.

* The place where the Scottish army lay during the night before the battle of Solway.

ADVICE TO THE BEE*.

MISTRESS Bee, when you hum, whether prose,
whether lyrics,
Whether cynical fatires, or puff'd panegyrics,
Pitch nor high, nor too low, still avoid in your tones
Th' ill-nature of wasps, and the dulness of drones.

* A Periodical Publication under that Title.

THE
POETS' LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT;
OR, A
DIALOGUE WITH THE NOTARY.

P. SINCE Death, I now see, will grant no reprieve,
To the *heirs of my body* my substance I leave
In equal proportions. N. Your substance! good Sir;
I never—but where is it?—pray tell me where?
And as for your heirs, I have sure been in bad luck,
For I thought you had none procreated in wedlock.
P. My substance, d'ye see Sir, 's these bones and
this skin,
And tho' heirs I've had none, or in wedlock, or sin;
Tho' none I have had *matrimonio flante*,
Of *posthumous* ones in the grave I'll have plenty.

Q. F. F. Q. S.

CLOACINA'S COMPLAINT

TO

THE COLLEGE OF CLUTHA,

IN other Temples, lo, the tapers' ray
Makes midnight almost emulate the day;
Ev'n private shrines the nightly lamp illumines,
And oily incense drowns mephitic fumes,—
Witness that sacred dome, so fine, where JOHN,
Seated with breeches off, yea, And arse on,
Ponders and pores o'er many a learned Work,
Reads THOMAS PAINE, and tears poor EDMUND
BURKE.

But to my theme—Soon as the wint'ry Sun,
 His race nigh finish'd ere 'tis well begun,
 Sinks down to rest amidst the Atlantic wave,
 Here darkness drear as in Cimmerian cave
 Prevails. And, tho' 'tis chief at morning hour
 My vot'ries come their orisons to pour,
 Yet hither too some pious souls repair
 To join with bended knee in evening pray'r :
 Then, ah ! too oft the offerings, that are paid,
 Not on my altar but my throne are laid.
 Ev'n PORCUS self, tho' provident he keeps
 A lantern burning, even while he sleeps,
 Not *retro* in his poop but in his *rostrum*,
 Like Bardolph's,—or as if 'twere stung by *æstrum*,—
 Ev'n he (for oft this lamp of his untrimm'd
 Sheds “ a *religious* light,” by *snuff* bedimm'd)
 Ev'n PORCUS self with many a grunt and sigh
 Commits mistakes, and leaves my shrine a *fly*.
 But 'tis not on my own account alone
 That this most just complaint I here propone,

Nor is it with intention to bespatter
 My honour'd, venerable Alma Mater,
 But (Jove *juvante*) all to put a stop
 To those mishaps, which they who hither grope,
 Oft meet withal. For who can unconcern'd
 Behold a youth, with gown and hose well darn'd,
 (*Festina lente* quite forgotten in
 His hurry) fall, and cut both hose and shin?—
 Mistake his exercise for taylor's bill,—
 Or 'stead of Homer tear his F——y H——ll,—
 Or make *Meanderings of Fancy* kifs
 His breech—instead of *Casus Principis* :
 ('Twas darkness thus made Jacob in idea
 Kifs Rachel, while he kifs 'd the blear'd-eyed Leah.)
 O then, may you, to whom the power pertains
 Of hindering such mishaps, list to my strains;
 A suppliant Deity, O view with pity,
 Who asks— not tapers dipt in spermaceti,
 Who asks no patent lamp, no waxen light,
 But, or—such oil as Lufs's thrifty Knight

In drops, like laud'num, on his fallad sprinkles,—
 Or—farthing candle, such as dimly twinkles
 In's bottle, never turn'd to other use,
 Save when it holds the currant's vinous juice,
 Juice which doth gripe his Knightship's guts full sore,
 But other guts, not season'd to it, more,
 Juice which, I pray, may be the mortal dose
 Of all who these my just demands oppose.

CLOACINA.

Clutbz. Pridie. Id. Dec. }
Anno Salutis, MDCCXCIII. }

JUS DIVINUM.

WHERE is there to be found a fool so arrant,
As to deny that I'm the Lord's vicegerent?
For who can say that e'er I have been slack,
To burn, rob, murder, *ravish*, hew, and hack?
Who is there dares my regal right to doubt,
But trembles for Siberia or the knout,
Proving I am, the just, the mild, the good,
The Lord's anointed—with my husband's blood?

KATHERINE.

ENGLAND'S FAITHFULNESS

TO HER FAITHFUL ALLIES;

OR,

THE MONOPOLY OF THE RIVER SCHELDT SUPPORTED.

THEIR *High Mynbeerships*, thriftier far than we,
Their *water* keep safe under *lock* and *key*;
While—to defend it, and its shores of mud,
We, fools, expend a *Zuyder Zee* of blood.

K

A

GENTLE EMETIC,

OR

A CONJUGAL SALUTE BY A JOVIAL WIFE.

THE patience of Socrates ne'er was so tried,
As was Sneakum's by his dearer half;
The Sage's spouse emptied a *pot* on his head,
Poor Sneakum's, more *Liberal*,—*herself*

TO

LUCINDA ABSENT,

OR, 3

THE MIRACULOUS MAGNET.

THIS Magnet, spite of nature's laws,
Still as more distant stronger draws,
And what's more strange, (too well I feel!)
Attracts all hearts but hearts of steel.

TO THE

LADIES OF EDINBURGH.

DIRECTIONS FOR A WINDY DAY.

FAIR ladies, when the winds blow high,
And mark the finely rounded thigh,
Be sure pull on your filken hose,
If you would wish to please the beaux.
Haste, reef the petticoat amain,
And tuck up tight the flowing train :
Take care to fasten firm the wig,
Lest in the air it dance a jig.
Then fall forth with pointed toe ;
Invoke the friendly blast to blow :
“ Thrice happy gales,” your lovers cry out,
“ That thus luxuriously riot,
“ Amidst the charms of nymphs so coy,
“ And towzle while we dare not toy.”

DESPAIR.

(BY A DUTCH LOVER.)

THIS Stream flow winding thro' the *fragrant*
bogs,
With murmurs not its own,—but of its frogs,
(Fair am'rous frogs, that *sing* * their croaking loves
In notes more sweet than notes of cooing doves)
This Stream,—I vow,—ne'er ruffled by a wave,
Shall be my death, the mud below—my grave.

* *Antiquam in limo rana cecinerit querelam.*

VIRG.

THE

HARP.

THE captive Israelites of old,
(As we in Holy Writ are told)
Forgetting Sion's flats and sharps,
Dejected hung their useless harps
The weeping willow trees upon,
Fast by the streams of Babylon.
So I, an exile from thy sight,
In drooping doleful piteous plight,
Have laid at rest my tuneless tongue,
And my harsh harp on willow hung,
In hopes that Zephyr's downy wings,
Sweeping gently o'er the strings,

Softer plainings forth may send
Than those of my unskilful hand,
And, partial to th' Æolian note,
O'er beds of flowers may with it float
To thee, and light the latent fire,
Which rougher gales would make expire.
But if the softest melting airs,
Which Zephyr on his pinions bears,
Thy heart should rather cool than warm,
And, like my freezing notes, do harm ;
If disappointment or suspense
Should still point to some future hence,
Suspended on the branch with me
Sweet harp, O sing my elegy !

ON SEEING

A LADY DROP HER GARTER.

I'D not change place with Prince or King,
Or any such poor paultry thing ;
No,—could I this sad being barter,
O that I were that happy garter !
More boldly then I'd press my plea,
And, 'stead of kneeling, clasp thy knee.

TO

A L A D Y

WHO LENT ME HER FAN DURING A STORM OF
LIGHTNING.

FAIR nymph, a stranger all unknown
Would bless thee for thy charming loan;
But, ah ! he feels the lightning's gleams
Are far less dangerous than the beams
Of thy bright eye.

L

A P O L O G Y

TO THE SAME LADY

FOR ALLOWING HER FAN TO BE WET BY THE RAIN.

HOW many thousands of ill-fated
Wretches have their ruin dated
From gifts or loans! A *non pareille*
Was th' cause why father Adam fell.
Great Hercules his death-blow got
By putting on a gifted coat.
Poor Phaeton danc'd a headlong jig
For borrowing his father's Gig.
Troy, proof against all human force,
Blazed round Minerva's hobby horse :
To me a FAN had done the same,
Had blown my heart into a flame,

While Cupid, 'mongst the radii hid,
With darts the conflagration fed :—
What could I,— then,—but what I have done?
What else in such case would have saved one?
What— but drench the Urchin's wing?
What, but wet his founding string?

AN
IMPROVEMENT
ON THE ART OF
POETRY,

SUGGESTED AND EXEMPLIFIED.

RHYME should not be degraded so as to
Chime on the syllable last of the verse :
Sure, if to set your best foot foremost be
Your rule in th' art of life—why not in this ?

TO A

L A D Y,

ON HER SEEMING VAIN OF HER BLACK EYES.

LET others praise with ill-coin'd lies
The *brightness* of their fair one's eyes,
To thine, sweet Lady, I'll be juster,
Their very *darkness* is their lustre.
Ev'n in the sable gloom of night,
Like grimalkin's, the startled fight
They strike, or as the skin of whiting
Stuck on the wall poor imps to frighten.
In short, so piercing is their ray,
I wonder how in mirror they
Themselves can view; or how th' reflection,
Don't spoil your matchless fair complexion;
Or how, when hearts are scorch'd to cinders,
Your looking-glass don't fly to flinders.

ON THE

D E A T H

OF A

L A D Y.

" Ah flore venustatis abrepta!"

DEATH poized his dart with slow protracted
aim :

With look serene her fate LUCINDA viewed ;
She, beauteous flower, smiled drooping o'er the
stream

Which undermined her root,—smiled, for she saw
Heaven cloudless pictured in the crystal flood.

CLEMENCY.

And Pharaoh hardened his heart at this time also, neither would he let the people go. Exodus c. viii. v. 32.

THE ruffian Murderer is sentenc'd to die,
And Slavery's proscribed by the general cry ;
But a junto usurping the national powers,
While the nation most meanly, most abjectly cowers,
Grants a respite of four years—to cool the *mad*
fever,—
Then, bolder become,—a free pardon for ever.

IMITATIONS AND TRANSLATIONS.

M

EPISTOLA

AD TORQUATUM.

Hor. Lib. I. Epist. v.

SI potes archaicis conviva recumbere lectis,
Nec modicâ cœnare times olus omne patellâ ;
Supremo te solê domi, Torquate, manebo.
Vina bibes iterum Tauro diffusa, palustres
Inter Minturnas Sinuessanumque Petrinum.
Sin melius quid habes, arcesse; vel imperium fer.

IMITATED.

GIF an auld timmer-bottom'd chair
Your doup can thole, and gif for fare
Ye wad na think yoursel far wrang
Wi' a farle 'noth a roasted whang,
Till gloamin time at hame I'll wait,
In hopes that ye'll come o'er the gate.
I'll gie you drink your craig to kittle,
That's eilans wi' the lousy title,
Coft by that scat-necked loun,
Kent by the name o' CLERK — —.
But gin ye like some ither kind,
Ye've naething but to speak your mind.

Jamdudum splendet focus, & tibi munda supellex.
 Mitte leves spes, & certamina divitiarum,
 Et Moschi causam. cras nato 'Cæsare festus
 Dat veniam fomnumque dies : impunè licebit
 Æstivam sermone benigno tendere noctem.
 Quò mihi fortuna, si non conceditur uti ?
 Parcus ob heredis curam, nimiumque severus,
 Affidet infano. petare et spargare flores
 Incipiam, patiarque vel inconsultus haberi.
 Quid non ebrietas designat ? operta recludit,

My ingle's bleezing unco canty ;
 My plenifhing's fu clean and dainty.
 Lay by a' thought now for a wee,
 And think na o' the penny fee.
 The morn, ye ken, 's a hauliday,
 And we may either sleep or play.
 Wi' cracks the time till braid day-light,
 Will seem as short's a summer night.

What needs I care for gear and gowd,
 Unless to use them I'm allow'd ?
 Wha, for the sake o' his neist heir,
 Keeps his ain wame tume, scrimp, and bare,
 And feeds upon the husk and hule,
 Is just the neist bore to a fool.
 I'll now begin to drink and sing,
 My pen I'll in the ingle fling ;
 I care na tho' wi' girnin chaft
 The warl a' fou'd ca' me daft.

Ken ye o' ought drink canna do ?—
 The closest hunks whan he is fou

Spes jubet esse ratas, ad prœlia trudit inertem;
 Solicitis animis onus eximit, addocet artes.
 Fecundi calices quem non fecere difertum ?
 Contractâ quem non in paupertate solutum ?

Hæc ego procurare & idoneus imperor, & non
 Invitus ; ne turpe toral, ne fordida mappa
 Corruget nares ; ne non & cantharus, & lanx
 Ostendat tibi te : ne fidos inter amicos
 Sit, qui dicta foras eliminet ; ut coeat par,
 Jungaturque pari. Brutum tibi, Septimiumque,

Speaks out his mind ;—drink realizes
 Our hopes and wiffes ; and it heezes
 The coward's fwitherin heart to fecht :
 Frae aff the mind it lifts the weight
 O' ilka care ; in ilka art
 It learns a man to play his part.
 Wha, whan h' as taen his proper tift,
 Was ever kent to want the gift
 O's gab ? what puir man whan he's tozy,
 But spends as he ware bein and cozy.

Ye need na tell me to tak care,
 To hae the buirdclaith clean and fair :
 To hae the difhes glancin a'
 That they yoursel to you may shaw ;
 And no to bid 'mang friens wh'are merry
 Folk wha wad clepe things to the Shirra,
 Or chieks wha think that they are great,
 Because they hae a great estate.

**Et, nisi cœna prior, potiorque puella Sabinum
Detinet, affumam. locus est & pluribus umbris :
Sed nimis arcta premunt olidæ convivia capræ.**

**Tu, quotus esse velis, rescribe ; et rebus omiffis
Atria fervantem postico falle clientem.**

Ye'll meet wi' — — and wi' — —,
 And — —, unless some lassie — —
 Or ither tryft (the Deil — —
 And ony thing that hauds a — — —)
 Keep him awa. Attour ye've leave
 To bring a frien or twa i' your sleeve.
 But mind whan fok o'er close ye stech,
 It sometimes gars them sweat and pech.

Write me how mony ye're to bring :
 Your caigh and care ahint you fling ;
 And, while puir bodies *on the row*,
 I' th' kitchen stan their cuds to chow,
 Steal out and never fash your pow.

N

AD VIRGILIUM.

Hor. carm. lib. 4. Od. 12.

JAM veris comites, quæ mare temperant,
Impellunt animæ lintea Thraciæ :

Jam nec prata rigent, nec fluvii strepunt

Hiberna nive turgidi.

Nidum ponit, Ityn flebiliter gemens,

5

Infelix avis, et Cecropiæ domus

Æternum opprobrium ; quod male barbaras

Regum est ultra libidines.

HORACE.

ODE 12. BOOK 4.

THE westlin wind, the Springtime's crony,
 Now skiffs along the sea fae bonny,
 And fills ilk sail. Now Crummie's cloots
 Dent a' the lone : now to the coots
 In meadow lawn, umquhile fae hard,
 Ye'll sink, and ablins will be lair'd :
 The burns, wi' fnaw brie fill'd, nae mair
 Rush, roarin like the Bars o' Ayr.
 The Swallow now, puir fingin forner,
 Clags up her nest i' th' winnock corner :
 Welcome she is to ilka house,
 Exceptin his, the blasted Loufe *,
 Wha rave her wark o' mony a day,
 In vengeance 'cause she staw his strae.

* Corrupted perhaps from *Lufs*.

Dicunt in tenero gramine pinguium
Custodes ovium carmina fistula ;
Delectantque Deum, cui pecus et nigri

10

Colles Arcadiæ placent.
Adduxere fitim tempora, Virgili ;
Sed pressum Calibus ducere Liberum
Si gestis, juvenum nobilium cliens,

15

Nardo vina merebere.
Nardi parvus onyx eliciet cadum,
Qui nunc Sulpitiis accubat horreis,
Spes donare novas largus, amaraque

Curarum eluere efficax.

20



The Shepherd, tether'd to the braes
 O' black Lochaber, sweetly plays,
 To his lean flock, a highland spring,
 (Sic as auld OSSIAN ance did sing,)
 Ilk han' by turns, wi' motion quick,
 Now the fiddle, now the fiddle-stick.

This heat gies ane a drouth, my frien,
 Sae gif to lay your lugs ye green
 In lochs o' punch, tak tent to hae
 Twa lemons in your pouch,—or mae:
 A pouchfu's able to wyle out,
 Frae th' awmry neuk, my graybeard stout
 And sonfy, fitted weel to brew
 In your funk faul hope ever new:
 For fynin down, it's unco rare,
 The bitter wagang o' ilk care.

Ad quæ si properas gaudia, cum tua
Velox merce veni : non ego te meis
Immunem meditor tingere poculis,

Plena divēs ut in domo.

Verum pone moras et studium lucri ;

25

Nigrorumque memor, dum licet, ignium,

Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem :

Dulce est desipere in loco.

Haste ye, and dinna fwitherin stan,
 But linkin tak your fit i' your han ;
 And dinna in your haste forget
 To bring the Uncos pipin het.
 Tell us how our auld Frien's the ——
 Stan' 'gainst the warl crouse and stainch,
 And how the bonny Fernig foichals
 Gie G ——n thieves and flaves their dichals:
 I'm no for letting ye, ye see,
 (As I ware rich) gang lawin free.
 Awa wi' teaglin, and the euk
 O' stappin mair in your poke neuk :
 And now *forget*, as lang's ye dow,
Memento mori, and Death's pow :
 Season your wisdom, now and than,
 W'a curn o' folly i' the pan :
 Trust me wha'm growin auld and keifint,
 That weeltimed daffin's unco pleasant.

AD LIBRUM SUUM.

Hor. Epist. 20. Lib. 1.

VERTUMNUM Janumque, liber, spectare videris;
Scilicet ut prostes Sosiorum pumice mundus.
Odisti claves, et grata figilla pudico :
Paucis ostendi gemis, et communia laudas ;
Non ita nutritus. Fuge quo descendere gestis : 5
Non erit emisso reditus tibi. Quid miser egi ?
Quid volui ? dices, ubi quid te læserit; et scis
In breve te cogi, cum plenus languet armator.

TO
HIS BOOK.

YE'VE now begun to cast sheeps een
 At yon Beuk Shop; and in caufs skin,
 Forfuith, wi' buirds gilt, sheen, and braw,
 Ye're unco fain yoursel to fhaw.
 Locks, coffers, keys and kifts ye hate,
 And whate'er pleases aye that's blate:
 And yawmer 'cause ye're no allow'd
 To mix amang the dissome crowd,—
 No fae brought up. E'en gang your wa,
 But mind there nae return ava.
 I've won mysel a bonny pirn,
 Ye'll say, whan critics gybe and girn,
 Or whan the reader, gauntin elf,
 Chirts you into the crowded shelf,
 Neist bletherin BURKE, the Windsor sentry,
 Wha' fang the Gauls were in the entry*.

O

* Atque hic *auratis* volitans *argenteus* anser
 Porticibus, *Gallus* in limine adeste canebat.

VIRG. *Æn.* 3.

Quod si non odio peccantis desipit augur,
 Carus eris Romæ, donec te deferat ætas. 10
 Contrectatus ubi manibus sordescere vulgi
 Cœperis; aut tineas pascas taciturnus inertes,
 Aut fugies Uticam, aut vinctus mitteris Ilerdam.
 Ridebit monitor non exauditus; ut ille,
 Qui male parentem in rupes protrudit asellum 15
 Iratus. Quis enim invitum servare laboret?
 Hoc quoque te manet, ut pueros elementa docentem
 Occupet extremis in vicis balba senectus.

Now, gif the greatnefs o' your faut
 Wad let me spae what's to come o't,—
 To th' Lan' o' Cakes ye will be dear
 Nae mair than for some twa three year :
 Belyve the creifhy croud will haunle
 Your page, and foil't : ablins some caunle
 Doup-ye maun kifs, (far better that,
 Than do the fame to Lords, I wat :)
 Whatreks ! puir, unkent, cowrin sinner,
 Some lazy moths will mak their dinner
 Upon your leaves : or else may be
 Twa baubees worth o' snuff or tea
 Ye're doom'd to swathe. I in my fleeve
 Will laugh fu' hearty whan ye grieve,
 And fay (like him wha on a day
 His cross-grain'd afs shot o'er the brae,
 On seein' that he could na stop her)
 Wha will to Couper will to Couper.
 Forby a' that ;—haverin Auld Age,
 Pointin alang your title page,
 Will ding, wi meikle dule and wae,
 Into puir gets, the A, B, C.

Cum tibi sol tepidus plures admovertit aures,
Me libertino natum patre, et in tenui re 20
Majores pennas nido extendisse loqueris ;
Ut quantum generi demas, virtutibus addas :
Me primis urbis belli placuisse domique ;
Corporis exigui, præcanum, solibus aptum,
Irasci celerem, tamen ut placabilis effern. 25

In winter whan the bleezin ingle
 Draws round it fouk to hear your jingle,
 Tell them, that I hae scarce a gill,
 O' gentle bluid for kings to spill:
 Tell that, in place o' the goose pen
 Used by my forbears, I hae taen
 A pouk o' Pegafus's wing,
 On whilk heez'd up I scove and sing,
 Sae, as ye stow the stunted tree,
 That puddock-stool my pedigree,
 A branch o' laurel ye may eik.
 Tell them, too, how I never seek
 To fleech and please the rich or great.
 O' th' outward man I neist maun treat:
 Say, then, I am a lang black chiel
 Twa ell amaisf frae head to heel.
 Afore the time I'm some thocht gray
 And lyart. In a sunny day
 I like to beik. Wi' sudden low
 My anger's just a tap o' tow;

Forte meum si quis te percontabitur ævum ;
Me quater undenos sciat implevisse Decembres,
Collegam Lepidum quo duxit Lollius anno.

But soon gaes out. Gif fouk foud spier
 How auld I am ; tell them,—that year
 Whan daft Britannia turn'd knight errant,
 An' fee't that loun S——'s tyrant
 To fer' himsel, I was just then
 Maist four times twa, and twa times ten.

SAPHO TO PHAON.

AGNOVI preffas noti mihi cespitiſ herbas :
De noſtro curvum pondere gramen erat.
Incubui, tetigique locum qua parte fuiſti ;
Grata prius lacrymas combibit herba meas.

TRANSLATED BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

HERE the preſs'd herbs with bending tops betray,
Where oft entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay ;
I kiſs the earth which was once preſs'd by you,
And all with tears the with'ring herbs bedew.

POPE.

BY A SCOTCHMAN.

" FERVIDUM INGENIUM SCOTORUM."

THE ſnows (no longer virgin ſnows) betray
Where oft entwined in am'rous folds we lay ;
I kiſs the place which once was preſs'd by you,
And all with tears the melting wreaths bedew.

G. BUCHANANI.

[illegible]

P

VERSES

IN

LATIN.

"Ista tamen mala sunt : quasi nos manifesta negemus ;

"Hæc mala sunt : sed tu non meliora facis."

Mart. lib. 2. Ep. 8.

-----Vetuit me tale voce Quirinus
Post mediam noctem visus ubi somnia vera.]

Hon.

THE

MUSE'S PRELIMINARY EXPOSTULATION

AND

ADVICE.

TO print or not my Latin verses?
I ask'd the Muse; quoth she, " Most arses
" (The feat of *English* judgment) are
" Become so nice, you may despair
" To please in English, or in Latin,
" Unless your paper's soft as satin.
" But why this jargon—*cur Latina?*
" Whence comes this *rabies canina?*

- " 'Tis fure at best a foolish freak,
 " To chuse to bark, when you can speak.
 " Well then, if you'll take my advice,
 " The *actual cautery* to each place
 " That bears of canine jaw the trace,"—
 " Alas," I stopt her, " would you bid
 " M' incur the guilt of suicide?
 " Would y'ave me turn *felo de se*,
 " And light up an *auto-da-fe*
 " Of my dear self, like Indian relicts,
 " Where widowhood's held worst of delicts?
 " No,—I reject your harsh prescription,
 " For if, t' each place of the description,
 " Which you have given, 'twere applied,
 " From cap-à-pe I should be fried.



PORCUS ET ACHATES,

CARMEN PASTORALE-ELEGIACUM,

MEMORIÆ SACRUM

ROBINI,

CAMERARUM ET IGNIUM CUSTODIS,

IN COLLEGIO CLUTHÆ.

ACCESSERUNT NOTÆ SELECTISSIMÆ VARIORUM.



EDITIO NOVA, PRIORIBUS AUCTION ET EMENDATION, ET MULTIS
MACULIS EXFURCATA.



Q

PORCUS ET ACHATES.

FORTE sub angusto *Jani* confederat antro
 Gruntator Porcufve, atque umbra fidelis Achates;
 Ambo florentes rostris, ac Arcades ambo,
 Et potare pares, et respondere parati.

NOTÆ.

1. *Angusto Jani antro.* Taberna in hoc loco ex *arcu* celesti seu Iride scilicet Janitoris, ad Januam publicam sita, et ideo, et quia ostia ejus pluviis gravata onus demittit et Iridem sæpe ostentat, ita Discipulus Bacchi e stomacho nimium repleto numen ejicit, *arcum* quodammodo Iridi similem exhibens; cui verba poetæ applicari possunt,

2. *Umbra.* Umbra est amicus vel comes inferior, cui nomen datum, et eo quod alium ad convivium sequeretur velut umbra corpus. Vid. Hor. Sat. lib. 2. sat. 8. v. 22. *Heinsius.*

3. *Rostris.* Nasis rubicundis. *Brodaus.* Fulta est præterea hæc opinio auctoritate poetæ nostratis, cujus verba concinna, tametsi vernacula, cum vernis eruditorum, citabo. *Pinkertonius.*

Arcades. De hoc verbo magnum est certamen inter interpretes. Alii asserunt, poetam ad Arcades pastores alludere, quia pastores semper fuerunt cultores Veneris, et potiores quoque myrtum Veneris cum vite Bacchi haud raro jungunt. Nonnulli magis subtiliores, *Arcades*

" Ganeoutto pish inguttere thick
 Somefell and somegaed rockin,
 Sawny hang sneerin on his stick
 To see bauld Hutchin boekin
Rainbowes that day."

Christ Kirk on the Green. Canto 3.

Pocula, heu ! flentes, moerentia pocula miscent, 5
 Quæstibus et Robini alternis funera lugent :
 Alternis igitur contendere versibus ambo
 Coepere ; alternos Musæ meminisse volebant.
 Hos Porcus, tum illos referebat in ordine Achates.

Porc. Fundite lamenta et suspiria rauca Togati, 10
 Necnon vos qui sine togis vim frigoris audent ;
 Nam tenebrosa est omnino scintillula Vestæ,
 Pœnis atque Sacerdos terræ plectitur insons.

Togati. Toga est habitus quorundam in Collegio Cluthæ. Quidam togis non induuntur.

Lubin.

12. *Scintillula Vestæ.* Deæ Vestæ sacer erat ignis ; et *scintillula Vestæ* hic ponitur pro ignibus vel focis Academicis quos Robinus accendere et fovere solebat, et qui, eo defuncto, finguntur extincti.

13. *Pœnis atque Sacerdos terræ plectitur insons.* In hisce verbis contine-

tur allusio elegantissima pœnæ cui obnoxie erant Virgines Vestales quæ, si votum castitatis violarent, vivæ sepeliebantur. Insons procul dubio erat Robinus hujus criminis, nam nunquam se voto castitatis subiciebat, idcirco nunquam reus stare potuit istius voti violationis. Sed quamvis innocuus esset sepulturam seu pœnam terræ passus est.

Mackullaus.

Ach. Fustim ex ilice sectam, qua velut ense
corusco

Hortum custodire solebas, abjice, David, 15
Ramus et mœstum fume cupressi, nam tibi nulla
Mordentem *calefactum* dextera libera fundet,

14. *Fustim qua velut ense corusco hortum custodire solebas.* Cave, lector, ne poetam hic arguas alicujus obscenæ allusionis ad Deum Priapum qui hortos custodiebat, de quo Horatius, ———— "*fures dextra coercet,*
"*Obscenoque ruber porrectus ab inguine palus*"

namque palus Davidis jamdudum "*inutile lignum*" dici potuit. Sed fustis seu baculus querceus, quem in manu gerebat, magnæ erat utilitatis ad coercendum *profanum vulgus* [gallice *Sans Culottes*, anglice *Swinish Multitude*, Scotice *Rabble*] quo minus hortum Academicum introiret. In hoc versu, igitur, facile patet, mentem diviniorem Poetæ prospexisse ad hortum Paradisaicum, ubi ensis flammiferus seu coruscus, regressum parentum humani generis interpellabat.

Burkius quond. Reç. Magnif.

16. *Cupressi.* Cupressus arbor fu-

nerea mœrori sacra.

Lub.

17. *Mordentem calefactum dextera libera fundet.* A *calefactio* derivatur *calefactum* aliter *drachma*; per syncopea *dram*, mutato *d* in *w*, et *r* posito inter *a* et *m* *Warm*, et cum articulo præposito secundum idioma Anglicanum *a warm*, modus loquendi Cluthæ frequenter usitatus. Hanc solationem et fugatorem frigoris simul ac curarum, raro sibi negabat Robinus; sæpe itidem Davidem ut particeps esset invitabat. Hic loci ergo Poeta, mirifica arte, causam monstrat permagnam, ob quam luctus Davidis moveri debebat, causam quidem aptissimam, sive spectes ad personam quæ loquitur, scilicet umbram Achatem, vel ad personam de qua loquitur, scilicet umbram Davidem.

Idem.

Mordentem. Nemo fere ignorat *calefactum* leniter mordere et titillare palatum.

Idem.

Porc. Stirpe illustri Donaldsonâ periit ortus !
 Quisnam cautus, mane Hyberno, jam E—â in aulâ,
 Lumina tondebit, cum præbent languida lucem, 20
 Et titubantibus huc illuc duplicantur ocellis !

18. *Stirpe illustri Donaldsona.* Mater Robini soror erat Donaldsonii inclytæ memoriæ. Quas aures non perculit fama Donaldsonii ? Sed Robini fama suis meritis nititur ;

Nam gens et pravos, et qua non fecimus ipsi,

Vix ea nostra voco. Ov. Burhus.

20. *Lumina tondebit.* Virtute poeticæ licentiæ hæc figura, ex alia classe matutina deducta, transfertur ad classem —m, in hac enim Robinus lumina seu candelas tantum accendere, non tondere, solebat. *Id.*

21. *Et titubantibus huc illuc duplicantur ocellis.* Nullus cultor Bacchi ignorat lumina, sive sint candelæ, sive

stellæ, sive lunæ radii, sive felis oculi, visui ebriosorum duplicari. Sed hic questio oritur ; quomodo sit ut ille, cujus est officium mores aliis exponere, mores suos tantopere negligit ?

Cave, lector, ne iudicio tuo temere utaris. Non equidem mores suos negligit Porcus. Mores strenue docet tam exemplo quam precepto. Nam quid citius homines a vitio detertere potest quam vultus ejus deformis. Simili modo Spartani servos ebriosos derisui liberorum ostendere solebant. Sed Porcus benignior seipsum devovet exemplum simulque victimam.

Heinsius.

Ach. Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
 Quale sopor fessis in templo, quale per æstum
 Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo.

Porc. Pocula bina novo spumantia *porta* quo-
 tannis, 25
 Craterasque duos statuam tibi mitis Henevæ:

22. *Divine poeta.* Hic Achatæ
 amicum suum et patronum adulator.

Idem.

23. *Quale sopor fessis in templo.*
 Nihil sane jucundius est sopore fessis
 in templo vel ecclesia, præsertim quan-
 do præsertim quando Porcus grun-
 nitum monotenum mittit. Sed pro-
 cul, o procul absit ruditus ineptus
 Asini Campsci.

Idem.

24. *Dulcis aqua.* Aquavitis scili-
 cet.

Rivo pro scypho usurpatur.

Idem.

25. *Porta*, abjecto *a*, et inserto *e*
 inter *t* et *r*, *Porter*, est liquor ex bra-
 sio decoctus. *Portra* est nomen inde-
 clinabile tertiam declinationis. *Berhus.*

26. *Tibi.* Robino scilicet. *Hein.*

Heneva. Heneva vel *Geneva*,
 per contractionem *Gis*, liquor est ex
 brasio et juniperis decoctus, mictu-
 ram valde promovens. *Idem.*

Et multo imprimis hilarans convivium Baccho,

Vina novum bibam calathis Ferntosia nectar.

Cantabunt mihi Damoetas et Lyctius Ægon :

Saltantes Satyros simulabit Filleodæus. 30

Eheu ! sed sonat hora infelix : nunc redeundum,

Officia ad Ciceronis,—peffima, peffima vappa !

28. *Ferntosia.* Ager Ferntosius, sive Ferntosius, situs est prope agrum Cullodenensem, locum celeberrimum redditum a quo tempore Dux Cumbriæ victoriam gloriosam, fufis ibi Caledoniis barbaris, nactus est. Narratio hujus victoriæ literis sanguineis scribi debet ; per spatium enim octo dierum post pugnam, quatuor millibus Scotorum à quindecim millibus Anglorum superatis, agri vastabantur, tuguria igne cremabantur, virgines violabantur, homines nulla arma præter peditaria gerentes, cum feminis et liberis, (proh nefas !) jugulabantur. O Gens Anglicana humanissima, clementissima ! O immaculata ultrix sanguinis regii ! nunquam vestris manibus trucidabatur

vel rex proprius, vel regina aliena exul inops hospes, vel hostis magnanimus proditione captus,—non ;—Testes sunt misericordiæ, justitiæ, fideique Anglicanæ, Carolus, Maria, Vallas. O Gens mitissima, Christianissima, lumina ad Africam et Indiam vertite ; tunc, O Gens iustissima, execrationes pias in sævitiam Gallicam eructato.

Heinf.

30. *Saltantes Satyros simulabit Filleodæus.* In antiquis temporibus Sacerdotes sæpe saltabant, et aliquando reges pedes quassare dignabantur. In exemplo erant Salii Sacerdotes inter Romanos, et inter Judæos David rex.

Idem.

32. *Officia ad Ciceronis.* Perleccio Ciceronis de Officiis. *Lubin.*

B A L N E U M,

SIVE

MUNDITIES ANGLICANA.

- “ Q uî fit, Balneolum, *gelidi* cui nomen adeptum,
“ Nos ut decipias, lymphas reddasque tepentes ?
“ Q uî fit, cum exustus inorientibus æstuat herbis
“ Campus, ut haud alio tu tempore majus abundes?”
Taliam tum mihi scitanti vox redditur undis.
“ Causa est hæc de qua quæris :—latices mihi nullos
“ Suppeditant fontes, non ullos nubila cœli :
“ Ast lymphas derivō omnes, a rore fluente,
“ Exsudato illis qui me fuescunt celebrare ;
“ Atque scaturigines solæ, quas accipio usquam,
“ Lipporum de luminibus stillæ riguæ sunt.”

R

[*From Burns's Poems.*]

TO A

M O U S E,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST, WITH THE PLOUGH,
NOVEMBER 1785.

WEE, fleekit, cawrin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa fae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle;
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring *pattle*.

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' *fellow-mortal*!

AD MUREM,

NIDIS ARATRO EVERSIS.

EHEU, parva nitedula, qualis nunc tremor implet
Pectora! ne fubitò celeri te proripe cursu ;
Infectari te nollem rullâ truculentâ.

Naturæ imperio humano fœdus fociale
Ruptum mi dolet, et justam me dicere cogit
Illam suspicionem, qua fit ut exfilis a me
Terrigenâ comite, in terram tecum redituro.

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thieve ;
What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
A daimen icker in a thrave

'S a sma' request.
I'll get a bleffin wi' the lave,
An' never miss't !

Thy wee bit *bouffe*, too, in ruin !
It's lilly wa's the win's are strewin !
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green !
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell and keen !

Haud equidem dubito quin tu furere aliquando.
Quidni? animal miserum, te certe vivere oportet.
Granum e mergite totâ, ecce petitio parva!
Grano a te sumpto, damnum haud dignoscere
possum;
Et mihi quod superest cœlo fausto fruâr illo.

Angusta illa domus mœstam dat fracta ruinam;
Structuram invalidam spectas dispergere ventos;
Nec virides ullas stipulas, illam ad renovandam,
Usquam suppeditant arva. Interea imminet asper
Mordaces referens ventos acresque December.

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
 An' weary Winter comin fast,
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,

Thou thought to dwell,
 Till crash! the cruel *coulter* past
 Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
 Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
 Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,
 To thole the Winter's sleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch cald!

But, Moufie, thou art no thy lane,
 In proving *foresight* may be vain;
 The best laid schemes o' *Mice* an' *Men*,
 Gang aft a-gley,
 An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
 For promis'd joy

Agros tu nudatos vastatosque, hyememque
 Vidisti tristem properantem ; spemque fovebas,
 Obiecta hic ut contra aquilones degere posses ;
 At scindit nidos crudeli vomere aratrum.

Congeries hæc culmorum exigua et foliorum,
 Trito dente fuit, multo et convectorum labore ;
 Nunc operam perdisti, et tectis exul ademptis,
 Frigus acerbum perferres pluviasque nivales.

Sed non indicium tu, parva nitedula, sola es,
 Quam vana est mens prudens et præfaga futuri :
 Consiliis, quæ muribus et mortalibus ægris
 Arte ineuntur summâ, haud raro casus iniquus
 Accidit : et, speratæ lætitiæ vice, crebrò
 Nil inventum est præter tristitiam atque dolorem.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' *me* !
The present only toucheth thee :
But, Och ! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear !
An' forward, tho' I canna *see*,
I *guess* an' *fear* !

Attamen haud incertum est, prae me te esse beatum ;
Hora etenim praesens solam te tangere possit ;
Quum retro, inque dies moestos mea lumina verto,
Et quamvis non praevideo, auguror atque tremisco.

S

NOTES.

[P. 38. *Fragments of a Poem on Duelling.*]

From motives of prudence I have been induced to suppress several things which I had some thoughts of publishing. Of others I have published fragments only,—trusting that the *disjuncti membra poetæ* may still be found.—

O ubi illa priorum
Scribendi quodcumque animo flagrans liberet
Simplicitas, cujus non audeo dicere nomen!

Juv. Sat. 1. lib. 1. v. 251.

[P. 50. On D——d H——c.]

My opinion of D——d H——c,—(what arrogance! exclaim his worshippers) my opinion of D——d H——c is not singular. See *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse* by the late Lord Gardenstone. But I cannot refrain from quoting the following passage from that work,

“ His lively periods may procure
Attention to the end of time;
But will the world for such a lure,
Forget chicanery’s a crime?
This prince of sceptics scarce could tell,
Why *china* shiver’d when it fell!

A Bacon’s, Dryden’s, Shakspeare’s praise,
He weakly tries to undermine;
And, brilliant Martial to debase,
Pretends he punn’d in every line;
O’erlooks the great Preceptor’s claims,
Yet strives to compliment his idiot pupil James.

Behold this precious sage advise
Each peevish fool to cut his throat!
And deeds of infamy disguise
Coligni’s murder rivals not!
Then see him scruple to decide
Why Pym harangued, or Hampden died.

Ye sacred and immortal names,
Which Freedom's sons with reverence hear,
When sophistry your worth defames
And toils to taint the public ear,
With what indignity and scorn
Ought such a libel to be torn !"

Sketches of celebrated characters, &c.

And elsewhere

If * * * * has told ten thousand Tory lies,
His faithless page take courage and despise.
Miscellanies, &c. p. 202.

See also Haley.

[P. 70.]

His breech instead of, &c.

Si quis erat dignus describi quod malus aut fur.

Hor. Sat. 4. lib. 1. v. 3.

The man who converts the researches and labours of others
so his own profit, is surely *dignus describi*.

[P. 78.]

The captive Israelites, &c. I meant these as burlesque verses ;
but I begin to be afraid that their scope may appear somewhat
ambiguous. In short, I stand in the predicament of the poor
painter, who found it necessary to write under a picture, in
which he meant to represent a horse,—*This is a horse*.

[P. 89.]

Imitations and Translations. I am sensible that this title is
ill-chosen. *Parodies* would have been a more suitable one.

[P. 97.]

On the row. Such poor persons as are found entitled to have
their causes carried on *gratis* are said to be *admitted to the benefit*
of the Poors roll, or list,—or in old technical language to be up-
on the row, i. e. *the roll*.—This excellent institution is not in
every case, carried into execution in that conscientious manner
which "*the cause of him who hath none to help him*" demands.

[P. 128.]

Agri vastabantur, &c. The truth of the representation here given, is supported by the testimony of Smollet, in his poem entitled, *The Tears of Scotland*. I trust the following quotation, from that poem, will not be unweelcome to any Scotchman, or to any man of a liberal mind.

“ Yet, when the rage of battle ceas’d,
The victor’s soul was not appeas’d:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murdering steel.”

“ The pious mother doom’d to death,
Forfaken, wanders o’er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles o’er her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And, stretch’d beneath th’ inclement skies,
Weeps o’er her tender babes, and dies.”

“ Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair’d remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country’s fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow,
“ Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
“ Thy banish’d peace, thy laurels torn.”

[P. 128.]

Filleodæus. Callidus, quicquid placuit doloso
Condere furto.

Hon.

Vid. Note on p. 70.

[P. 131.]

Nitedula—rulla. Think not, O Critic, that those two words, which, perhaps, thou may’st not have met with in the course of thy reading, are not *classical*. If thou art in doubt, consult thy Dictionary.

FINIS.





